

was the deserted condition of  
Falconhurst in the  
height of the summer, and the pillage of  
the lower  
dwelling.

Directly they returned to the  
balcony Fritz  
and the boatswain clambered up to the  
top of the  
mangrove tree, to get as wide a view as  
possible.

To north ran the line of coast bounded  
by False  
Hope Point at the little hill where the  
villa of  
Prospect Hill stood. Nothing suspicious  
could be  
detected iff this part of the district.

To west, beyond the canal connecting  
Jackal  
River with Swan Lake, spread the  
country watered  
by the little Falconhurst river, through  
which  
Fritz and his companions had walked  
after they  
had crossed the bridge. This was as  
deserted/  
as the country which ran still further to  
the west  
as far as the defile of Cluse.

To east, the vast arm of the sea  
spread out  
between False Hope Point and Cape  
East, behind  
which lay Unicorn Bay, There was  
not a sail  
to be seen at sea, not a boat along the  
shore.

Nothing was visible but the vast plain  
of water,  
from which, to north-east, projected  
the reef  
upon which the *Landlord* had struck

long ago,

Turning towards the south, the eye  
could only  
see, about two miles and a half away, the  
entrance  
into Deliverance Bay, near the wall of  
rock which  
sheltered the dwelling of Rock Castle.  
/Of that house, and its annexes,  
nothing